

# The Spectator

## Neglected Fields

The birds are up when he collapses through the door  
Spilling out in constellations on the floor  
Soaked in liquor he's soft as bread  
And everything that's left of him to beckon to his bed

He is a nocturnal always alone  
But you'll speak in secret codes  
That he has never known  
In this world, but not of it  
So he watches from above it  
A visitor here, this is not home

I am the spectator  
I can see the world passing by from here  
I am just a child, to a man  
Back to the dust where i began  
I was never even here at all  
I am the spectator  
I am the spectator

His eyes, like two cats, scratching in his head  
Begging him for sleep, starving for a bed  
But sleep, it never comes  
so he ticks the time away  
Hour after hour, hear them play their bells go

Chime chime chime, ticking ticking time  
Chime chime chime, ticking ticking time

I am the spectator  
I can see the world passing by from here  
I am just a child, to a man  
Back to the dust where i began  
I was never even here at all  
I am the spectator  
I am the spectator  
I am the spectator

And the bells go

Chime chime chime, ticking ticking time (x3)

I am the spectator  
I can see the world passing by from here  
I am just a child, to a man  
Back to the dust where i began  
I was never even here at all  
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